

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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## DREAMS AND DREAMS.

A maiden sits in a window seat,  
And to and fro swings her idle feet.  
As she gazes off at the sunset glow  
Over the tops of the hills of snow,  
In her lap rests a book, unopened, forgot,  
Her eyes are gazing where ours may not.  
As she dreams and dreams.

Far up in those mountains of red and gold,  
Behind the snow hills so white and cold,  
She sees, I doubt not, a lover true  
On his fiery steed so cantering through:  
For the bright eyes flash and the red lips smile,  
And she sits there gazing a long, long while,  
And dreams and dreams.

O! the steel is there, the liver is true  
From the spurs on his boots to his cap of blue;  
And the hot eyes flash, and the cheeks turn  
As he spurs his horse through the mud and mire;  
At his side gleams a sword, now useless and cold,  
With rare jewels set in its hilt of gold;  
Thus she dreams and dreams.

He has traversed the world on his steed so fleet  
For a maid like this in the window seat,  
Scanned maidens of high and of low degree,  
And of each one said, softly: "Not there, not there!"

Will never a hand point him out the way,  
I wonder? O, yes! he will come to-day,  
So she dreams and dreams.

But hark to that sound! was it out of the street?  
And was it the sound of hurrying feet?  
O, my heart, stand still and listen with me  
While I press my face to the pane and see  
Is it horses' hoofs on the pavement below?  
Have you come, my knight, is it you or no?  
She dreams and dreams.

From that sword the jewels methinks I see  
Adorning the hand of a maid like me  
And now I can feel his breath on my cheek,  
His hand over mine. Will he never speak?  
A voice through the darkness comes loud and clear:  
"What, dishes not washed yet? How's this, my dear?"  
"Farewell, O ye dreams!"  
—Evening Bell.

## WHAT THE ODD JOBS DID.

"It is the Lord's will, wife, and we can but submit," said Nathan Holloway, sadly. "I have prayed long and earnestly that He would provide some way for us out of this great trouble; but He knows best, and He will be with us even when we have to leave the old home. I hope they won't come to notify us to-day of the first day of the New Year, and yet I suppose we might as well look this in the face first as last."

"O Nathan!" said his wife, as she fell on her knees by the side of the chair to which for months he had been confined, "if you were well and strong, I should not mind leaving the dear old place so much; but I know how hard it will be for you, as you are, to make another place seem like home."

"Wife," said her companion, laying his hand fondly on her head, "with you by my side any place will seem like home. Do I not know how you have struggled and toiled so that we might stay here even until to-day? Where should we have been now had you not so bravely taken things into your own hands? I feel badly about Walter, for I had hoped to give him a good education; but as God has seen fit to render me so helpless, it cannot be now, and we must try to find something for the boy to do. But, wife, we will not tell him of it to-day. Let us make it a happy day for him, so that when we are gone he may remember with pleasure the last New Year's Day he ever spent here."

"Yes, Nathan, I've—"

"There, wife, I see lawyer Turner coming up the lane. You had better go now. I did hope they would let us feel that the old place still belonged to us to-day, but God knows best."

"Nathan, I wish you would let me stay and see the lawyer with you."

"No, no, wife; I can stand this better alone."

His companion rose, pressed her lips to his brow, and left the room without a word.

"Happy New Year!" said the lawyer, as she met him at the door. "Happy New Year!" he repeated as he entered the room where the invalid was awaiting him.

"Awkward," he muttered, as though to himself. "It don't sound right to wish a man that, when you've come to turn him out of doors, as you might say."

During this speech he had been fumbling over a bag of papers he had brought with him.

"Suppose you know what brings me here, Mr. Holloway?" he added, helping himself to a seat.

"Yes," was the reply: "you have come to notify me that the mortgage is to be foreclosed at once."

"I see you've kept track of dates and so forth. I don't often attend to such matters on holidays, but laid aside my rule for once and made a special case of this. I understand you are not prepared to pay."

"No, I am not prepared to pay."

"Pity you have not some friend to borrow the money from. Five hundred is a small sum to give up such a fine place for."

"I could not ask any one to lend me money when there would be no prospect of my ever being able to pay back the loan."

"Wise, very wise; but your grandson might be able some day to pay it for you."

"Walter is but a lad," was the reply, "and it would be long ere he could do it, nor would I be willing to burden his young life with a heavy debt. No, the old place must go."

"And yet," said the lawyer, writing on one of the papers he had with him, "I am told it was for his father, to pay off some of his debts, that the place was first mortgaged. I don't see why, when his conduct almost ruined you, you took upon yourself the support of his child."

"That is all a thing of the past now. You know that my son is dead."

"True, the original mortgage was two thousand, and you have paid up all but five hundred." Again he busied himself with his pen. "Suppose you would have paid it all if you had not been disabled?"

"I hoped to be able to do so, but God in His all-wise providence has seen fit to order things otherwise. When do you propose to offer the place for sale?"

## the New Year. Will you look over that paper?"

Nathan Holloway took the paper handed him with trembling fingers, for it was a shock to him to think of passing over, that very day, the old place to a stranger; but, though his eyes grew dim at first, he bravely steadied himself until he could read the words that would pierce his heart like knives. A frightened look passed over his face. A moment later he handed the paper back, saying sadly:

"You have made a mistake and given me the wrong paper."

The lawyer looked at it a moment, and then returning it said:

"No; if you examine it you will find it properly made out and signed."

"But it is a release of the mortgage, and is of no use when I have no money to pay it."

"But suppose some one else has paid it for you?"

"There is no one to do that."

"On the contrary there is; for it has been paid, and the release was made out yesterday."

"What does this mean?" asked the older man, excitedly.

"It means," was the reply, "that your grandson, who is but a lad, indeed, has paid off the mortgage, and he now sends his grandparent the release as a New Year's offering."

"Walter! Walter! How—"

"Listen, Nathan Holloway! Two days ago your grandson—he tells me he is but thirteen—came into my office. He's a bright-looking lad, and I have given him a job on errands, and once or twice sent him on errands, and given him a trifle for it. It seems now, that, for the last year, he has spent his holidays and all of his spare time in running errands and doing odd jobs for which he has received small sums of money, all of which he has carefully saved, so that when I opened the bag he brought me, I found these small sums had mounted up until they made one hundred and twenty-five dollars and fifty cents. He had heard, he said, that his grandfather must sell the farm unless he could pay some money he owed by the first of the year. He asked if what he had given me was enough to pay it, and I told him yes, that the farm would not be sold now, and that I would come down myself and tell you so to-day."

"But"—began the old man in a faint voice, and trembling again.

"Wait a moment; I have more to say. Never mind where the rest of the money came from. It has all been paid. What I have to say is this: I am generally considered a hard and crusty old bachelor. Perhaps I am; circumstances may have conspired to make me seem so, but I have a vivid recollection of my younger days. I know what it is to begin life with a clog and a weight dragging me down; I know what it is to fight and struggle against adverse circumstances. I have seen life in some of its harshest phases, and since I have been what the world calls wealthy I have been called stingy and mean because I have refused to endow colleges and universities, to found hospitals and pay off church debts. But I have had my own ideas about the disposition of it, or at least I have wished to use a portion of it in saving others from the struggles that beset so many in early life. Your grandson strikes me as one to whom I could lend a helping hand, feeling confident I would not regret it in the future. With your consent I will undertake to see that he is well educated, will send him to college and give him a start in life. As for you and your wife, you may live here as long as you need a home on earth, and you shall want for nothing. It was to tell you this that I have set aside my ordinary custom and have attended to business on New Year's Day. There, I am afraid I have told you too suddenly, after all, and he went over to the side of the old man, who was trembling in a manner that alarmed him."

"No, no," was the reply; "call my wife, call my wife! O! I could bear trouble without her, but not this, not this."

"O Nathan, Nathan!" cried the wife, when she had been summoned, "what is it?" and once more she fell on her knees by his side.

"It is joy, wife, joy! Tell her, please"—turning to the lawyer, "I can't, it chokes me."

Once again the story was told of what a grandson's love had done, and, as he finished, the lawyer saw the tearful face of the wife raised to that of her husband. Then, as both heads were bowed, he stood reverently by, for he knew that prayers of thanksgiving were ascending to the throne of grace. Ever when he clasped their hands in token of farewell, there was no word spoken. Their hearts were too full for utterance. It remained for the grandson, who came shyly in not long afterward, to bring them to a full realization of the change in their prospects.

Was it a happy New Year's Day? Ask any one of them, now that ten more years have passed away, and they will all reply alike that it was the happiest in all their lives.—A. Weston Whitney, in S. S. Times.

## The Dead Languages.

The ancient languages, with great beauty of structure, contain wonderful remains of genius, which draw, and always will draw, certain like-minded men—Greek men and Roman men—in all countries, to their study, but by a wonderful drowsiness of usage, they had exacted the study of all men.

Once (say two centuries ago), Latin and Greek had a strict relation to all the science and culture there was in Europe, and mathematics had a momentary importance at some era of activity in physical science. These things became stereotyped as education, as the manner of men is. But the good spirit never cared for the colleges, and though all men and boys were now drilled in Latin, Greek and mathematics, it had quite left these shells high and dry on the beach, and was now creating and feeding other matters at other ends of the world. But in a hundred high schools and colleges this warfare against common sense still goes on. Four or six or ten years the pupil is parsing Greek and Latin, and as soon as he leaves the university, as it is ludicrously styled, he shuts those books for the last time.

Some thousands of young men are graduated at our colleges in this country every year, and the per cent who at forty years still read Greek can all be counted on your hand. I never met with ten. Four or five persons I have seen who read Plato. But is not this absurd, that the whole liberal talent of this country should be directed in its best years on studies which lead to nothing?—R. W. Emerson.

—Dr. John H. McCrary, of Lancaster, Pa., suggests that the school children raise a penny fund to erect at the State Capitol grounds in Hagerstown a monument to the memory of Thaddeus Stevens, the father of the free school system of the State.—Philadelphia Press.

## Clever Swindlers.

Continental post-offices hold themselves answerable for the contents of registered letters and packets, provided their value be declared beforehand and a small sum, in addition to postage, paid to cover risk of loss. But great risks the post-offices refuse to accept on any terms, and they draw the line at a very modest maximum. This system, which the English post-office has not yet seen fit to adopt, is a great convenience in a country like Switzerland, where the manufacture of watches and jewelry entails the frequent transmission of gold and precious stones. As a rule the system works well, but when diamonds are in question foreign postal administration and insurance companies are sometimes victimized by persons whose positions might be supposed to offer a sufficient guarantee for their honesty. In April, 1882, a firm at Chaux de Fonds, Canton Neuchâtel, Switzerland, had certain diamonds, valued at £6,400, to send to Bucharest, and this being beyond the post-office maximum for transmission abroad, the insurance was effected with two companies—La Baloise and La Suisse—which cultivate this sort of business. In consideration of an agreed premium they guaranteed the safe delivery of the diamonds, which were handed to their agents, Mayer, Freund & Co., and sent by them in a registered packet to the consignee at Bucharest, M. Julien Bloch, a relative of the consignors, and their representative for the whole of Roumania. The packet arrived at Bucharest on April 30, and in accordance with the usage in such matters was handed by the post-office to the custom-house authorities, who duly advised M. Bloch of the fact, and asked him to claim his property. Six days later that gentleman called at the custom-house and asked for his box, but the box was gone. "It contains diamonds—diamonds worth 160,000 francs," said M. Bloch, "and it must be found." The custom-house people were quite of the same opinion. They, too, said the missing diamonds must be found, but they were not found, and M. Bloch went away without his precious box. Naturally enough, he did not seem much concerned at his loss, the diamonds, as he remarked to M. Georgesco, chief of the custom-house, being insured for almost their full value, and M. Bloch gave himself no further trouble about them, not even informing La Baloise and La Suisse of what had come to pass. But the Bucharest post-office authorities were less indifferent. They instituted a minute search for the missing valuables, and a searching investigation into the circumstances attending their disappearance. In the end, whether influenced by fear, or as he himself said, moved by remorse, a certain Sperlich, a minor revenue officer, confessed that, after handing the box to M. Georgesco, he had stolen it from that gentleman and handed it to M. Bloch, who had promised him for his pains a reward of £200. Sperlich said further that the box contained nothing but sealing-wax, the diamonds having been contrived to disappear in order to get the £6,400 for which it had been insured by his confederates at Chaux de Fonds. On this Bloch took to flight, but was arrested at the frontier, brought back to Bucharest, tried, and condemned to four months' imprisonment, a term which the Court of Appeal subsequently increased to twelve months. Sperlich received the same condemnation, and Georgesco was sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment for neglect of duty. It will hardly be believed that after this exposure the firm at Chaux de Fonds had the hardihood to send La Baloise and La Suisse £6,400, the amount for which they insured the box of sealing-wax. But they did, and the case has just been decided by the tribunal of the Seine—of course against the consignors. The matter was probably referred to the tribunal of the Seine because, although the companies in question are Swiss companies, their headquarters are at Paris, and they have "elected domicile" there. In other words, if you want to sue them the action must be tried in the department of the Seine. It may possibly occasion surprise that the firm of Chaux de Fonds have not been prosecuted; but as they still insist that the packet did actually contain diamonds, and it cannot be produced, it was probably thought that it would be impossible to convict them on the sole evidence of a man like Sperlich; and seeing that Sperlich is in prison, even his evidence is not obtainable. From the practices to which certain Swiss watchmakers and jewelers sometimes lend themselves, it might almost seem that they look upon recovery as a necessary adjunct to horology. Not very long ago the French Government discovered that they had been for years systematically swindled by certain watchmakers at Geneva. Until the discovery in question led to a change of system, all articles of jewelry entering France from Switzerland were stamped at the frontier, and when re-exported a drawback equal to the duty was returned to the exporter. The stamp, or hall-mark, was taken as a proof that the duty had been duly paid, and beyond a declaration as to the ownership no formalities were required. This system suggested ingenious and well-practiced plans for getting the better of the French custom-house. Gold chains, brooches, watches and similar articles were sent openly over the frontier, stamped, and the duty paid. This was the first stage of the business. They were then taken to another custom-house on the border, declared for export, and the drawback secured. The next procedure was to smuggle them back into France and get the drawback a second time (of course at another custom-house), and so the ball was kept rolling—for nothing is easier than to smuggle jewelry—and it went on rolling until a jeweler at Geneva, who had failed and been, as he thought, badly treated by his confederates, revealed the plot out of revenge. Some of the most respectable houses in Geneva were implicated in the business, and those of them who had branches in France were heavily fined. The latest dodge is making bogus coin for circulation in Egypt and the East. Egyptian Government prosecuted the counterfeiters, but were unable to get redress. The Geneva tribunals, before which the matter was brought, decided that, as there exists no treaty between Switzerland and Egypt for the reciprocal punishment of fabricators of false money in their respective territories, the prosecution had no case. And even if this difficulty had not arisen the defendants would probably have been acquitted all the same. In the East coins are used both as money and as ornaments. The coins fabricated in Geneva were called ornaments, and strung together in the shape of bangles and bracelets. The next stage in the light easily contented—did, in fact, contented—that it was not within their knowledge that the article they were making were coins at all, or intended to be used as

money. It is no part of a Switzer's duty to understand Arabic or be conversant with the coinage of the East; and when a Geneva jeweler receives an order the only inquiry he is called upon to make is an inquiry touching the solvency of his customer. That being done, he thinks all is done.—Cor. London Times.

## Street Peddling in Naples.

Street peddlers abound as thick as lice in Egypt, or to give a better idea of their number, as lice in Naples. In the matter of lice Egypt even when plagued was nothing to Naples. The wrath of the Almighty did not produce more lice in Egypt than does the filth of the people in Naples. But this has nothing to do with the street peddlers. All kinds of goods are sold by peddlers upon the streets as well as in shops. Peddling exactly suits the Neapolitan temperament, as there is no very hard labor in it, and it affords great scope for lying and swindling. It is some labor to carry a basket or tray, and he had rather not do it, but that is overbalanced by the delight there is in lying to somebody and getting the better of somebody, which this occupation affords him. He doesn't make much money, but then he doesn't want much. As in other parts of Italy, truth is not a part of their system, and a lie is considered the first virtue. To reap some advantage from a lie is to experience the highest delight known to the Italian mind.

Also there is no price for anything. Your street peddler appears to you with a pyramid of fancy baskets which attracts the attention of your lady friend. She asks the price and the answer comes slowly, deliberately and desperately, "fifteen francs."

"Bah! it is too much." (By the way, the experienced one would say "too much" if the price had been a franc.) "What will madam give?"

"I am not putting a price upon your goods. That is for you to do."

"Trade is dull, and my children cry for bread. I will sell the basket for thirteen francs. But I make no profit. I am eating up my capital."

There goes on more chaffing, the seller dropping a franc at a time to begin with, and then a half-franc, till finally he is down to five francs. Then the final struggle begins. The lying that has preceded this is merely clearing the ground. The seller looks clear-eyed at the lady defiant.

"I will give you!" (she says very slowly and with great impressiveness.) "I will give you exactly two francs, and not a sou more. There need be no more talk—two francs or nothing."

The peddler sees that she is in earnest, and that further talk is unnecessary. He cannot, however, forego the delight of another lie, for they hold on to their luxuries as long as possible, and he commences one, but is cut short with the peremptory "two francs!"

"I will take it," he says very quickly. And before the astonished woman has an opportunity to say "no," the basket is in her hands.

The villain made a good franc and a half as it is, and goes away bursting with a joy that he has to conceal till he turns a corner. Then he throws down his baskets and rolls upon the ground in an ecstasy.

The new comer thinks himself smart, and thinking to beat the vendor, offers ten francs for what is asked fifteen for, and goes about exhibiting his purchase in proof of his cunning and is laughed to scorn immediately by those who have been here a week.

The shops are but little better. There are shops where they deal with comparative honesty, and where the prices are fixed, but they are few and far between. Falseness is a part of the Italian system in trade, and is considered no crime, or even a fault. The merchants operate upon the theory that they will never see their customers again, and the best policy is to make the most out of him while they have him in their clutches. The price asked is always more than they expect, and to get anything above that price is no feat, if you have patience to chaffer, is to make them happy.

There is no dependence to be placed upon their representations as to goods. You have to depend upon your own judgment, and unless you are a very good judge of an article you are certain to be swindled, for there is no lie too huge and no adulteration or shoddyizing too outrageous for these highway robbers.—D. R. Locke, in Toledo Blade.

## Talking With Strangers.

At another time, when riding toward Washington, Thomas Jefferson once took a man of respectable appearance—a country merchant. The President drew up and saluted him, as was his friendly habit. The two then journeyed on together. Political topics crept in, and the man on foot strongly censured certain acts of the Administration. He then proceeded to quote some personal stories against the President.

"Do you know Mr. Jefferson, personally?" inquired the man on horseback.

"No, nor don't want to."

"But is it fair play to repeat such stories, and then not dare to meet the subject of them face to face?"

At the word "dare" the merchant promptly responded:

"I will never shrink from meeting Mr. Jefferson if he comes in my way."

"Will you go to his house to-morrow, and be introduced to him, if I will meet you there?"

"I will."

The next day the stranger bravely sent in his card at the Presidential mansion, for in the intervening time he had discovered the identity of his new acquaintance. When he saw the President he said:

"I have called, Mr. Jefferson, to apologize for having said to a stranger here the President interrupted him with—hard things of an imaginary personage who is no relation of mine."

The merchant attempted explanation, but the President laughingly parried all efforts of the kind, and insisted on his staying to dinner.

Afterwards this gentleman used to caution young people to be guarded when talking with strangers, but instead of being an enemy of the President he and his family became "fiery Jeffersonians."—N. Y. Examiner.

—Lord Coleridge declined all the numerous invitations extended to him by photographers to sit for his picture. The men of the camera then sent to England for one to make copies of, but were disappointed to find that Coleridge had not been photographed for twenty years.—N. Y. Times.

—Massachusetts and Rhode Island are the only States which now elect all State officers and Legislature every year, and only six States have sessions of the Legislature every year.—Boston Herald.

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